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VALUE OF A "PULL."

The military career of General Leonard Wood contains many examples of the value of strong political influence. To the kindly offices of his great and good friend, President Roosevelt, he owes the fact that he is in direct line of succession to the highest army position, a post he will hold for a considerably longer period of time than any of his immediate predecessors. In many other ways, thanks to Mr. Roosevelt, General Wood's path toward advancement has been made very pleasant.

In all his career, though, there is hardly a more striking example of the value of the president's friendship than in the payment by the government of \$3,000 for Wood's trip around the world. While in Cuba, the story goes, General Wood struck his head against a chandelier, "in line of duty," and sustained injuries which nearly seven years later necessitated a surgical operation. At that time Wood was in Manila. The surgeons there did not care to undertake the operation so Wood, at the expense of the government, came to the United States and went to Boston, where the operation was performed.

This operation, according to Secretary Taft, "was not entirely satisfactory to the general's friends in the United States, including the president." So the chief executive ordered General Wood to return to the Philippines by way of London in order that he might consult a specialist in the British metropolis. With him, also at the expense of the government, went an aide. Wood traveled on a liner instead of on a transport and enjoyed all the luxuries money could procure. The bill for \$3,000 certainly indicates that he didn't overlook anything.

And after he had told the story to the senate committee Secretary Taft was asked if the government had ever paid the expenses of any other officer who used a liner instead of a transport. The witness was so amused at the inquiry that he laughed aloud. General Corbin, it later appeared, had asked for an order of this character, but it was refused. Now, why was Wood so well treated? Simply because he was the friend of the president; that's all.

Secretary Taft's contention that an officer is just as much on public duty when protecting his health as at other times applies, according to the secretary's own admissions, to Wood, and to Wood only. And still the president every so often has the effrontery to issue bulletins to the effect that no army officer may use political influence in order to secure favors from the government.

FOOTWEAR COSTS MORE.

The Boot and Shoe Recorder, published at Boston, presents some interesting figures on the increased cost of footwear. It is shown that the cost of producing a shoe to retail at \$3.50 has gone up 38 cents per pair within the last year. Of this amount only three cents is represented by the increased cost of labor. The rest of it is represented by upper stock, sole leather, inner sole, heel, topstitch, welt, counter, lining and trimming, all of which have increased per pair of shoes from one to seven and one-half cents.

If shoe dealers and shoe wearers demand the same quality as those bought a year ago, says the Recorder, they will have to pay an advance in prices sufficient to cover this additional cost. It is not very hard to account for the increased cost of shoe making and consequently the increased cost to the consumer, for in the end the consumer of shoes, as the consumer of everything else, must do the paying. Practically everything about an honestly made shoe, except the cloth used in linings, comes from a hide of some sort.

And the meat trust, which does something like 90 per cent of the slaughtering of the country, practically controls the hide market. The trust can make the price of hides almost anything it pleases, thanks to the beneficial tariff on hides. It has been estimated that the hide tariff adds practically fifty cents to the cost of every pair of shoes worn in the United States. The manufacturer does not get this fifty cents. The trust gets it. In other words, the trust levies a tax of fifty cents, through the manufacturer, on every pair of shoes you wear.

If congress should muster up enough courage to repeal the tariff on hides, thus permitting foreign hides to come into competition with the trust, the result could not fail to be an immediate reduction in the price of shoes. It

would at least be possible to buy shoes today of the same quality and for the same price as that at which they could be purchased a year ago.

Our Republican friends have for a long time insisted that the hide tariff is a great benefit to the farmer and stock raiser. It is nothing of the sort. The only beneficiary is the meat trust. Does the trust add anything to the price of a live steer for the hide? Not that anybody knows of. The hide goes with the "critter" and its price is added to the profits of the trust.

TO STOP A LEAK.

Representative Landis estimates that the government will be saved something like a million dollars a year by the operation of a resolution passed by the house of representatives on Monday last, provided the resolution also passes the senate. This resolution provides that hereafter the printing committees of the senate and house shall fix the number of public documents to be printed, with a view to printing no more than are absolutely necessary. In the event that the demand is larger than was anticipated the committees are given authority to order the issuance of another edition.

The resolution was introduced at the request of the president because of the great mass of printed public documents now stored in various Washington warehouses. Mr. Landis is quoted as saying that "the accumulated stock of junk in the warehouses of the city would require two and a half miles of trains to haul away." The representative said also that 10,000 pamphlets containing reports of the Swayne impeachment proceedings had been printed and only 2,700 of them distributed. This is only one example of many hundreds.

It is easy to believe that the government will save a million dollars a year through the passage of the resolution, always provided the committees do their duty carefully. Leaks in the government printing office have for years been numerous and notorious. It has often been said that the work could be done by private contract for one-third or one-fourth of the sum the government has been paying. Finally the dissipation of funds through the printing office reached the point where it became a public scandal, and the president was forced to take some action.

From this time forward it is to be hoped that the department will be operated in a businesslike manner, as it should have been operated these many years. If congress will only turn its attention to the leaks in the printing office and elsewhere millions of dollars can be saved to the public treasury without impairment of any service.

A FORTUNE TO A DOG.

A Chicago man died the other day and left \$20,000 to his dog. That is, the income of the fund, during the life of the canine, is to be used in taking care of it. We often hear it said that a man has the right to dispose of his own money exactly as he pleases as long as he does not use it to the injury of his fellow men. But, after all, has any man the right to tie up \$20,000 in the care of a dog when so many human beings lack the barest necessities of life?

It is hardly possible to believe that the Chicago man was guilty of anything less than a crime when he left a fortune to his dog. The dispatches say that he had no relatives and that nobody was dependent upon him. Even so, he must have known somebody to whom that \$20,000 or the half or quarter of it would have been a godsend, somebody who, if left that sum, would have given the dog the best of care throughout its life. We believe in humanity to dumb animals, we believe they should be taken care of in the kindest manner, but there is a reasonable limit. As between a dog and a human being we are for the human every time, though it must be admitted that some human beings are far less responsive to kind treatment than some dogs.

Nearly 2,000 varieties of sausage were exhibited at a food show in Switzerland the other day. It didn't seem possible that there could be that many different breeds of dog.

Mr. Shonts gets only \$12,000 a year as president of the Clover Leaf railroad. Still, a dinner of herbs there is better than a stalled ox on the isthmus of Panama.

District Attorney Jerome of New York is quite busy just now trying to find a court that will decide in advance in favor of the insurance grafters.

No, Best Beloved, you didn't have a right to hit him even if he did ask you yesterday if you ever saw a prettier spring day. Nobody ever did.

A noted ex-slave who purchased his freedom for \$600 in 1851 has just died in Ohio. We wonder if he thought he got his money's worth.

Wireless telegraphy seems to be all right, but the great benefactor of mankind will be the fellow who invents a bonnetless Easter.

Instead of facing the music, as he promised, Mr. Hamilton seems to be making a lot for other people to dance to.

But the surest signs of spring are the boys in baseball clothes on every vacant lot in Salt Lake City.

Utah is to have a starch factory, according to reports. That ought to stiffen things up quite a bit.

HUMOR OF STATE PRESS.

Cutting Down His Rations.

(Price Advocate.)
Fashion spares nothing in demanding a change. The tie that used to be as thick as a feather, but is now as thin as a boarding house blanket.

An Old Maid's Plaint.

(Springville Independent.)
There is an old maid in Castledale who thinks it "just awful" for people to talk as they do about married women. "Why," she says, "I'm just as good as married. I've a hog and he does the grunting, a tomato and he stays out at night, and if that is not as good as the average husband, I'll quit."

An Editor's Many Talents.

(Iron County Record.)
Some time ago the Record editor made a garden. Perhaps there is nothing unusual in the mere fact of the editor doing a little gardening, since many men of affairs take up some such avocation as a means of getting away occasionally from business worries, but that he should have been planning to harvest and planting done before the storms came, proves beyond measure that he is a man of affairs. Now, if the editor will only keep away and allow him to reap the reward of his labors, it is just possible that the editor may go out of the newspaper business and move out on a farm, where he may have a chance to keep his family and friends in vegetables, and at the same time develop unsuspected but very evident talent for farming.

Twins in a Contest.

(Box Elder News.)
Mrs. Adolph Forsgren presented her husband with a fine eleven-pound boy last Monday evening. This is the seventh child for Mrs. Forsgren. Mrs. Forsgren and Mrs. John H. Jensen, of the Second ward, have both given birth to twins. The Jensen twins are a boy and a girl. The Forsgren twins are a boy and a girl. The Jensen twins are a boy and a girl. The Forsgren twins are a boy and a girl.

SHOPPER'S EXPERIENCE.

The Conversation Necessary to the Purchase of a Woman's Hat.

(Chicago News.)

(She enters the millinery department.)
"Hats, please. I am just looking—oh, you are busy, too. I've asked three persons to show hats and they are all busy."

"Floorman, I want to be waited upon at once. Thank you—but not that kind of waiting girl. Yes, that one will do. You see, I want some one who is willing to show me everything, whether I buy or not, and who understands my style. She must give me her undivided attention, as it is so hard to try to shop when a clerk is talking to her friends about her beaux—or something."

(To saleswoman): "Please show me something dressy—but not too much so. Well, you know, I want it for evenings—and other occasions, too. I suppose they are all marked down at this get-out-of-the-year. The paper said they were cut in two—I mean the prices, not the hats, though it wouldn't hurt some of them. I remember a big hat I had once, and one windy day—" I suppose you are busy. Yes, I'll try them on. I like to see the different effects on me, even if I don't buy."

"Now, would you advise a large or a small hat? I think I will look at both kinds. No, not a white one; it would be too trying to my complexion. Not a black one—it's too sombre. Not that one—it's old enough for my mother, what is becoming. Yes, don't seem to understand what is becoming. Yes, I suppose you are too busy to know every one, but you see, I buy all my things here, and you ought to know a regular customer."

"Certainly, it must be imported. American hats always have a home-made look. My husband likes to have me get the best. He is the cheapest in the end, for if I don't like a thing I talk so much—that is, I am apt to mention it, and he can't work unless it is quiet. "That won't do. The crown is too high, and I would look taller than my husband. Of course, I can't expect you to know his height, but I thought I would mention that he is a trifle shorter than I. I always wear French heels, but I have to have my hats low. Let me see that violet hat. I had a beautiful one just that color the year I was married, and my husband thought it was stunning. Thirty-five dollars? I thought you said they were marked down. I never am sure when clerks are telling the truth—that is, I suppose you don't always know. I try to be nice to persons who wait upon me, for I can get so much more attention. Yes, I'll look at that one."

Differently Expressed.

Two groups of people were seated in the waiting room of a railroad station, says Lippincott's Magazine. One consisted of a young man and two young ladies dressed in the height of fashion, the other a man and his wife not so fashionably attired.

They had been there only a few minutes when a girl came in whose complexion was as nearly perfect as this world ever is. While she was buying her ticket the young man remarked to the ladies with him:

"Isn't Miss Cranford a beauty? Her complexion is as perfect as a rose."

At the same time the other man clutched his wife's arm and whispered:

"Lord, Nan, hasn't that gal got purty hide?"

TRAVELERS.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)
She had traveled through the country north and south and east and west. But she didn't think much of it as she candidly confessed.

She had crossed the Alleghenies and the Rocky ranges, too. There was hardly any district that she never had been through.

She had sped over Arizona and had zipped through Tennessee. But had found no wonders in them, she asserted languidly.

She had crossed those mighty stretches from which barren mesas rise. Where the patient clouds lie waiting, where the miles shrink into inches and the far-off hills come near.

And the plains are as God left them when he ceased his labors here. But she hadn't looked out at them, "for," she heard her once explain.

"It's so dull without a novel when one's riding on a train."

He had traveled from Lake Huron to the Gulf of Mexico. And from Maine to California, yet he didn't seem to know.

Whether Utah and Montana were adjoining states or not. Whether Kansas had a climate that was mild or cold or hot.

And he said that he had never, in his journey through the land. Seen a thing that seemed to strike him as unusual or grand.

Past Niagara and Shasta he had gone hoping to find some new wonder. Caring nothing for the grandeur they were fashioned to display. Thence rich valleys and wild canyons he rode playing solitaire. Never glancing at the wonders that were spread around him; he was so busy reading the paper.

Gazing out at things they'd read of—the delightful and sublime.

Siegal's Modern Clothing House, 238-239 Main.

CLEVER PARAGRAPHS.

Will Stef Please Come Forward?

(New York Evening Sun.)
The postoffice people at Kent, O., have a letter for Stefan Brescianskiperzak-zankanski. Perhaps he has changed his name by permission of the courts and forgotten what it originally was.

No Beef Suicide in This Case.

(Philadelphia Telegraph.)
A brindle cow at Lawrence, Mass., has just given birth to seven calves, but stranger still is the fact that no one thought to notify President Roosevelt.

Poetic Justice Gets in a Kick.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)
A white hoodlum attempted in New York the other day to cut off a Chinaman's pigtail and was soundly whipped by the Mongolian.

He Might Wear a Red Cross Uniform.

(New York Herald.)
Attorney General Hadley of Missouri will allow the Standard Oil chief to visit John D. III under a flag of truce.

Or Why Not "The Big Stick?"

(New York Evening Post.)
Why call the new 19,400-ton battleship Constitution? Why not Monroe Doctrine?

Why Not Make It Thirty Cents?

(Philadelphia Ledger.)
A Connecticut man who had attempted suicide and been saved by a doctor refused to pay more than \$10. The doctor sued and was defeated. If he has a nice regard for values he will return \$5.

Opportunity Is Democratic.

(New York World.)
"It's a poor boy's country," says Senator Dooliver. Not an exact statement. It is any boy's country, rich or poor, who is not wasted in his birthright. Opportunity is democratic.

Who Could Take His Place?

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)
Secretary Taft called for the vacant place on the supreme bench if he wants it, but he will not give up his present position while any of the lids are fitting.

Why Not Just Say "Goo, Goo?"

(Chicago News.)
Just at present it might be possible to lure Mr. Rockefeller forth simply by making a noise like a baby's rattle.

More Work for the Panama Canal.

(Chicago Journal.)
Great Britain has an 18,000-ton battleship, and Secretary Bonaparte wants one of 18,000 tons.

Poor Platt and Dewey.

(Baltimore Sun.)
Yes, Algonquin, New York's representation in the senate is as follows: 0, 0.

He Made Standard Oil "Show Him."

(New York Herald.)
Hats off to Hadley of Missouri.

BUT THEY DIDN'T.

(Ladies' Weekly.)
Once a gray and guileless farmer to the wicked Bowery came. And he thought he was a figure.

Who accosted him by name. Treating him to wine and whisky. "I suppose you are busy. Yes, I'll try them on. I like to see the different effects on me, even if I don't buy."

There was, too, a lovely heiress. With a dowry of shining gold. And a noble count she wedded. With a ruined castle and a ruined estate.

And she thought as she went sailing. Over the ocean at his side. She would dwell in endless rapture. As his proud and happy bride.

But she didn't. "Twas a knowing chap who purchased. Quite a lot of gilt-edged shares. And who thought to make a figure. With the Wall street bulls and bears.

And who reckoned on an auto. At a snail's pace in my arms. For he planned to make a million. From a promised rise in wheat.

But he didn't. Came a youth in yachting flannels. To a cottage by the sea. Where the summer girls were boarding. "I'm the only male," said he.

"All those sweet and pretty creatures. Gazing on my many charms. Will be straightway captivated. And will fall into my arms."

But they didn't. Oh, the book we sought to publish. And the house we hoped to build. And the friend we ought to visit. And the place we should be filled.

There's a score of angels weeping. In the far celestial blue. While a record they are keeping. Of the things we tried to do.

But we didn't. Bacteriological. Two congressmen were talking about the late Jerry Simpson, says the Detroit Free Press.

"He was a level-headed man," said the first. "He was a foe to fade. He had a shrewd humor."

"He and I and a clergyman one day took a walk together. The clergyman was a faddist of a marked type. He carried a pocket microscope, wore health underwear, and so on and so forth."

"This clergyman wouldn't drink any water with his lunch. At the same time the other man clutched his wife's arm and whispered:

"Lord, Nan, hasn't that gal got purty hide?"

He Was Sorry.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.)
Professor John De Camp of Williams college, when a student at college, roomed in the house of a lady who had a very bright little boy about 2 years old whose name was Dewey. He had just learned to talk, and Mr. De Camp was very proud of him.

One day when Mr. De Camp was teaching him to walk, the boy said: "Keep your old mouth shut." She took him aside and told him he must apologize to Mr. De Camp, and say he was very sorry he said such a naughty thing.

That night Mr. De Camp had company in his room, when the father guest came. Baby feet were heard in the hall. Then a sad little voice in the doorway said: "I'm sorry."

"Why, what are you sorry for, Dewey?" Mr. De Camp asked.

"I'm sorry," said Dewey, "that you don't keep your old mouth shut."

Two Boarders.

(Boston Herald.)
Under the proprietorship of L. S. Drew the old American house at Burlington was one of the most popular hotels in Vermont, and it was the scene of many a humorous episode.

One night after supper Mr. Drew was welcoming a new arrival in the office, when an extremely courteous guest came out of the dining room. Pointing to the fact man, Mr. Drew said: "You can see how well we feed our guests. Just look at that man!"

It chanced that a permanent resident of the hotel overheard the remark. This man was extremely thin—just the opposite of the guest referred to by Mr. Drew. The thin boarder at once spoke up, saying: "Yes, that fat man has been here three days. I have been here thirty years. Look at me!"

EVAN'S BIG FLEET.

Admiral Will Command Twenty-one

Fine Fighting Ships.

(New York Times.)

The battleship squadron of the North Atlantic fleet is soon to receive an addition of six first-class battleships that will give to Rear Admiral Robley D.

A fleet of sea-going fighting ships of the first class that, so far as offensive and defensive power is concerned, will be the equal of any similar squadron afloat. The jacks behind the guns, too, will equal any in the navies of the world for marksmanship.

At the present time Admiral Evans has under his command eight battleships, all of the first class. The new ships several of which have already had their trial trips, are the Virginia, Georgia and New Jersey, and the Louisiana and Connecticut and Minnesota, the former of which has recently broken records on her trip over the Rockland course. The Connecticut is ready for her trial, but will not be sent over the course until she is placed in commission and has received her full complement of officers and men. This is due to the fact that she is being built by the government, and there are no acceptance questions to be decided.

The battleship squadron now in commission consists of the first-class battleship Maine, Missouri, Indiana and Iowa. The total tonnage of these vessels is 95,638, divided among the ships as follows:

Maine 11,724
Missouri 11,724
Indiana 10,163
Alabama 11,703
Illinois 11,361
Kentucky 11,724
Total 93,658

There must also be added to this list the armored cruisers in the squadron under command of Rear Admirals Brownson and Sigbee. These vessels are the West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Colorado and Maryland, and the Brooklyn, the first four being under Admiral Brownson and the last the flagship of Admiral Sigbee. Others five vessels increase the total tonnage of the armored ships at present in Admiral Evans' fleet by 76,635, which makes the total 172,293.

Now comes the additions that are soon to take their place in the fighting line, these vessels and their tonnage being as follows:

Connecticut, 16,000
New Jersey, 14,948
Louisiana, 16,000
Virginia, 14,948
Georgia, 14,948
Minnesota, 16,000
Rhode Island, 14,948

Total 107,792

Add to this the total already in commission, and then it will be seen what a magnificent fleet the United States is soon to have on the sea ready for a fight at a moment's notice. This total will be, in battleships alone, 201,450 tons. Adding to this the tonnage of the armored cruisers in commission, gives a fighting tonnage in armored ships of 264,085, results which will be further increased during the year by the commissioning of the 14,500-ton armored cruisers Washington and Tennessee, bring the grand total to 293,085 tons.

One Member Wavering.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.)
Not long since, when the religious statistics were being taken in Worcester, Mass., it chanced that the enumerator's ring at Judge Rockwood Hoar's door was answered by his eldest daughter, a girl of 9. When asked for the religious affiliation of the family the census man received this unique reply: "Papa is a Unitarian, mamma is an Episcopalian, I'm an Episcopalian, but Ruth is wavering."

Ruth was 3 years of age.

THE WAY HE WENT.

(Philadelphia Press.)
"Is Casey workin' here?" asked Finnegan, entering the quarry shortly after a blast.

"He was, but he jist went away," replied the foreman, the planager.

"Are ye expectin' him back?" "Yes, I suppose so. Anyway, they do say whatever goes up must come down."

SOME CURIOSITIES.

(Baltimore American.)
Did you ever see a catnip tea? Did you ever see a dogwood bark? Did you ever find the airline open, Or an ordinary horsefly, mark?

Did you ever see a wheelwright well? Did you ever see a horse about? Did you ever watch a clam bake dinner? Or listen to a tin roof spout?

BOYHOOD MEMORIES.

(Brooklyn Life.)
Satan—That new arrival actually seems to feel at home.

Immy—Yes, he says his grandmother always gave him molasses and sulphur in the spring.

HARDLY.

(Los Angeles Times.)
"Say," "Well," "Would a sacred concert be called a holy show?"

LAYING FOR HIM.

(Woman's Home Companion.)
Nurse—Tommy, dear, don't you want to come and see the sweet little sister a stork has brought you?

Tommy—No, I want to see the stork.

THE HIDDEN STAR.

(Baltimore American.)
Some tongues like a bee are— "Building a nest." "That in all its honey." Conceals a sharp sting.

THE AWKWARD AUK.

(Princeton Tiger.)
Here's to the primitive Auk; Awkward is he and a gawk; Building his nest at a snail's pace. Where it pleases him best— He's prized at bird auctions, the Auk.

TRUTH.

(Life.)
Mrs. Simpson—I thought you were coming home early to punish Willie for telling that lie.